

King's generosity must not
stop there.
I must give you something
which
exceeds your hope,—yet not
as a
mere reward. You have won
my
heart, and my heart is ready
to offer
you its best treasure.—My
child, where
was this shyness in you before
now ?
Your dawn had no tint of rose,
—its
light was white and dazzling.
But
to-day a tearful mist of
tenderness
sweetly tempers it for mortal
eyes.
(*To SUPRIYA.*) Leave my feet,
rise
up and come to my heart.
Happiness
is pressing it like pain.
Leave me
now for a while. I want to be
alone
with my Malini. (*SUPRIYA
goes.*) I
feel I have found back my
child once
again,—not the bright star of
the sky,
but the sweet flower that
blossoms on
earthly soil. She is my
daughter, the
darling of my heart.

(*Enters ATTENDANT.*)